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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY

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The BOYS™

TWENTY

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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GEE, TIM, I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE-- MAYBE LADY SPEARGUN JUST STARTED FEELING BROODY! THEN AGAIN, THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION MIGHT LIE WITH EDITOR LUSCIOUS LIZ DIMARCO AND HUBBY JUMPIN' JONATHAN (INKER EXTRAORDINAIRE) AND THE RECENT ARRIVAL OF THEIR OWN BUNDLE OF JOY! I ASKED LACTATIN' LIZ FOR THE INSIDE SCOOP--BUT SHE JUST BURST INTO TEARS! WOMEN!

OKAY, TROOPERS, THAT'S ALL FOR THIS ISSUE! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE HORIZON OF SURPRISES--STAY CLEAR OF THE ONANIST OPPOSITION-- AND REMEMBER TO PUNCH THE SKY!

SPLENDIDDIO! --THE LEGEND.

YOU KNOW, IT'S AMAZIN' TO ME THAT YOU USED TO WRITE THIS STUFF...

AH, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY TIMES I WANTED TO JUST WRITE *COCKSUCKERS*...

HOW "MINI-GYM" TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO

NUKESTER

NEVER AGAIN!

I TELL YOU NO LIE, G.I.

part two

JESUS *FUCKIN' CHRIST,* THAT WAS LIKE TRYNNA PASS A *CINDER BLOCK*...I SWEAR THOSE TWO GORILLAS UPSTAIRS'RE PUTTIN' SOMETHIN' IN THE *FOOD*...

SO WHO'S THIS *TWIST* I HEAR YOU BEEN SEEIN, HUH?

MM?

LETTER BOMBS

A SPECIMEN

THE ONE WHERE YOU *WENT DOWN* ON HER *WOUNDED CLAM*...

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, HE *TOLD YOU* ABOUT THAT--?!

WOULDN'T *YOU*...?

NO! I'D TRY AN' SHOW A BIT O'--I DUNNO, A BIT O'--

WHAT AM I SAYIN'?

HER NAME'S ANNIE, AN' I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I AM SEEIN' HER. SHE'S NO' BEEN RETURNIN' MY CALLS.

YOU MEAN YOU WANNA *SEE HER* AGAIN...?

'COURSE I DO. IT WAS JUST A STUPID ACCIDENT, IT'S NO REASON TO FUCKIN' DUMP SOMEONE.

YOU'RE A HELL OF A SPORT, KID. I SURE HOPE SHE APPRECIATES IT.

TELL HER NEXT TIME, THE LEAST SHE COULD DO IS YELL *FIRE IN THE HOLE*...

OKAY.

HEATHAVE

THE SEVEN TAKE OFF BIG-TIME. HELL, THEY'RE LIKE A ***MOVIE*** COME TO ***LIFE***--THE MERCHANDISIN' ***ALONE*** DOUBLES VOUGHT-AMERICAN'S PROFITS FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS...

BELL, DOW, G.E. AN' THE RESTA THEM, THEY'RE WATCHIN' ALLA THIS LIKE ***HAWKS.*** THEY NEVER UNDERSTOOD BEFORE JUST WHY VOUGHT'S SUNK SO MUCH INTO ***SUPES*** OVER THE YEARS--THERE WAS A THING IN FORTY-FOUR, WHERE V.A.C. CONVINCED ***IKE*** TO TRY A TEAM IN THE FRONT LINE, AN' GREG MALLORY CAN TELL YOU HOW ***THAT*** TURNED OUT--

BUT ***CHRIST,*** THEY GET IT ***NOW...***

THE SEVEN

25¢ FEB ISSUE 1!

RORY!

"IT'S THE EARLY SEVENTIES, DON'T FORGET. ***'NAM'S*** WINDIN' DOWN--***BADLY.*** AN' THAT'S ***THEIR*** THING, THAT'S WHAT THE OTHER CORPORATIONS'VE BEEN MAKIN' THEIR MONEY OFF.

"WELL, IT'S FINISHED NOW, AN' VOUGHT LOOK LIKE THEY'VE GOT THE NEXT TEN YEARS IN THE ***BAG.*** LET'S FACE IT, WHAT'D ***YOU*** RATHER WATCH--QUEEN MAEVE'S ***TITS,*** OR AMERICA ***BUGGIN' OUT...?***

"IF EVER ANYONE BACKED THE ***WRONG GODDAMNED HORSE...***"

HANG ON A MINUTE, WHO'S GREG MALLORY?

ALL IN GOOD TIME, MY FRIEND.

VOUGHT'S COMPETITORS DECIDE TO GO FOR THE JUGULAR. THEY GOT NO CHOICE, IT'S EITHER ***STEP UP*** OR BE ***BOUGHT OUT...***

"SO THEY GO AFTER *JONAH VOGELBAUM.*

"V.A.C. PULLED HIM OUTTA GERMANY IN THE THIRTIES--HIS *FAMILY* WAS MEANT TO JOIN HIM STATESIDE, BUT SOMEONE *FUCKED UP* AN' THEY DIED IN THE *CAMPS.*

"HE'S THE ONE CAME UP WITH *COMPOUND V.* DIDN'T WANNA BREED *SUPER-FUCKS* FOR THE *NAZIS,* SO HE GOT IN TOUCH WITH *VOUGHT.* BEEN WORKIN' FOR 'EM EVER SINCE.

"THE SEVEN ARE HIS *TRIUMPH,* AFTER A *LIFETIME* OF TRIAL AN' ERROR..."

BUT HE NEVER SEEMS TO *GIVE A SHIT.* COULD BE THE *WORK* MATTERS MORE THAN THE *RESULT...*

COULD BE HIS *WIFE AN' KIDS* ARE ON HIS MIND, EVERY DAY FOR OVER *FORTY GODDAMN YEARS.*

'CAUSE WHEN THESE ASSHOLES HAVE HIM *KIDNAPPED*...AN' THEY SAY, GUESS WHAT, YOU'RE WORKIN' FOR *US* NOW, YOU'RE GONNA GIVE US SUPES MAKE *VOUGHT'S* TEAM LOOK LIKE *CLOCKWORK TOYS...*

VOGELBAUM'S REACTION IS TO *SLIT HIS FUCKIN' WRISTS.*

SILLY SON OF A BITCH FINALLY OPENED HIS EYES.

SAW WHAT HE'D STARTED.

SAW WHERE IT WAS GONNA GO.

"WHAT *THIS* DOES IS LEAVE THE OTHER GUYS NOWHERE AN' VOUGHT *STYMIED.* THEY STILL GOT VOGELBAUM'S NOTES--THEY AIN'T GOT HIS *GENIUS.*

"*THEIR IDEA* WAS TO COME UP WITH MORE LIKE THE SEVEN, BUT CHEAPER THAN THE GODDAMN NATIONAL DEFICIT FOR EACH SUPE. *FORGET IT.* THEY CAN DO *CHEAPER*--BUT THAT KINDA HAS ITS *PRICE,* IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN..."

CRAP SUPES...

AIN'T THEY ALL?

VOUGHT DO WHAT THEY CAN. REVAMP ONE OF THE OLD ***FORTIES OUTFITS,*** SEE HOW FAR ***NOSTALGIA*** TAKES 'EM. START A COUPLA ***NEW ONES,*** TOO.

THEY KNOW THEY'LL NEVER MATCH THE ***BIG BOYS***...BUT IT SURE DON'T HURT TO HAVE ***THE NUMBERS.***

THE ***OPPOSITION*** BACK THE FUCK OFF ***FAST.*** THEY'VE OVERSTEPPED ***BIG TIME,*** AN' THE LAST THING ***ANY C.E.O.*** WANTS IS ***THE DEEP*** KNOCKIN' ON THE BOARDROOM DOOR.

FROM NOW ON, THEY'LL DO IT THE ***OLD-FASHIONED WAY...***

"WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT, BY THE WAY, ARE THE FOUR ***OTHER TEAMS*** TIED DIRECTLY TO ***VOUGHT-AMERICAN.*** ALL THAT ***V*** OUT THERE MEANS SUPES BY THE ***THOUSAND***-- BUT WITHOUT COMPANY BACKIN', WITHOUT THE ***LAB BOYS*** IN PARTICULAR, ***NINETY PERCENT*** OF 'EM AIN'T WORTH ***SQUAT.***

"NOW, WHY AM I SHOWIN' YOU A BUNCHA GODDAMN ***COMIC BOOKS,*** INSTEADA ***PHOTOS*** OF THESE SONS OF BITCHES...?"

'CAUSE THIS IS WHERE YOU COME IN, AYE?

GIVE THE BOY A FUCKIN' NO-PRIZE.

I KILLED THEM, WHOEVER THEY WERE.

I MEAN I MUST HAVE. NO ONE DOES THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE FOR ANYTHING LESS.

WAS IT HERE? ON THE DAY?

HOT OR COLD.

MM... COLD.

SOME OTHER TIME, THEN.

WE'VE ESTABLISHED THAT IT'S PERSONAL. THAT MEANS FRIEND, FAMILY OR LOVER...FRIEND? SOME COMRADE-IN-ARMS WHO TOOK A BULLET FOR YOU?

HOT OR COLD.

COLD.

FAMILY. KIDS?

THERE'S SOMETHING IRREVERSIBLE ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE IN THIS ALL THE WAY, YOU DON'T EXPECT TO COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE.

NOTHING TO LIVE FOR. BUT ALL THE SAME...

COLD.

LOVER?

WIFE.

...HOT.

AND...MORE THAN JUST A LOVER, AM I RIGHT?

HOT. YES, HOT. HOTTER BY THE SECOND.

WHAT IS IT SUPES *DO*...

APART FROM LIQUOR AN' WHORES AN' NARCOTICS, APART FROM A LIFE *CALIGULA* WOULD'VE ENVIED--WHAT DO THE BASTARDS ACTUALLY DO...?

YOU MEAN HOW DO THEY GET THE MONEY FOR IT?

I MEAN HOW DO THEY *SURVIVE.*

YOU'RE *LOOKIN'* AT IT.

ANY SUPE WITH ANY SENSE HAS HIS OWN *COMIC BOOK,* KID. IF HE'S LUCKY HE HAS TWO OR THREE, OR A PLACE IN A *TEAM BOOK,* OR MAYBE HIS OWN GODDAMN *LINE.*

IT AIN'T JUST THE *MONEY*--THAT CAN BE GOOD, THAT CAN BE NOT SO GOOD. IT'S *PROTECTION.*

THAT WAS *MY JOB.* BACK WHEN I WORKED FOR VOUGHT AMERICAN.

WHEN I WAS A *VICTORY COMICS* MAN...

"WHAT I DID WAS MAKE THOSE FUCKIN' COCKSUCKERS *LOOK GOOD.*

"I GAVE FOLKS SUPES LIKE THEY *WANTED* SUPES TO BE. GAVE 'EM THE ADVENTURE AN' ROMANCE THAT LIVED UP TO THE *IMAGE.*

"TAKES YOU TO THE STARS"

CAPTAIN STAR™

SAMMY

"NO ONE WANTS THEIR *HEROES* SLEAZY AN' FUCKED-UP-- SO YOU FEED 'EM A *DREAM.* AN' THEY'LL BUY THE T-SHIRTS AN' WATCH THE T.V. SHOWS, WHICH IS WHERE THE REAL MONEY IS, BY THE WAY, AN' THE *LAST THING* THEY'LL DO IS TRY LOOKIN' ANY *FURTHER...*"

AN' PEOPLE THINK THE REAL SUPES ARE THE SAME WAY?

ENOUGH DO.

FOLKS LOVE FANTASY. BEATS THE SHIT OUTTA REALITY *ANY* DAY OF THE WEEK.

REALLY...?

WHAT, ARE YOU *KIDDIN' ME?* YOU TAKEN A FUCKIN' *LOOK* AT REALITY LATELY...?!

"IT WASN'T DIFFICULT. MOSTLY YOU MADE SHIT UP--NOW AN' AGAIN TWO OF THE FUCKS'D'VE GOTTEN INTO A ***BAR FIGHT*** OR SOMETHIN', SO THAT MONTH ***BRONTOR'S*** POWERS WENT OUTTA CONTROL AN' ***HEAVE-HO*** HAD TO TAKE HIM DOWN. GET IT?

"THE ***HOMELANDER*** CHANGED ALL THAT OVERNIGHT."

"ONE LOOK AN' I KNEW: THIS WAS A ***WHOLE NEW*** SET OF ***PROBLEMS.***

"NOT EXPLAININ' AWAY BLACK EYES AN' BUSTED TEETH. NOT SOME GOLDEN AGE ASSHOLE GETTIN' PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A COCK IN HIS MOUTH.

"THIS WAS A ***LIVIN' WEAPON.***"

AN' THEY GAVE HIM TO YOU? SORTA?

HELL, I ***ASKED*** FOR HIM.

WHAT, FOR THE CHALLENGE, LIKE...?

LET'S SAY I HAD A ***COUPLA*** REASONS.

NOW, ONE OF THE THINGS VOUGHT USED HIM FOR--APART FROM ***BULLSHIT PUBLICITY*** WHERE HE'D HOLD UP A BRIDGE SCHEDULED FOR DEMOLITION ***ANYWAY***--WAS TAKIN' OUT ***ROGUE SUPES.*** THESE WERE THE ***DUMB FEW*** WHO DIDN'T SEE WHAT A SWEET THING THEY HAD ***GOIN'.***

IT WAS UP TO ME TO FIND AN ***ANGLE*** ON SHIT LIKE THAT...

"BUT WITH VOUGHT OWNIN' A *T.V. CHANNEL* AN' A COUPLA *NEWSPAPERS,* REALITY COULD GET KINDA *FUZZY.* USUALLY YOU'D HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF *WRIGGLE ROOM.*

"LET'S SAY THE BIG MAN'S SEEN IN IDAHO, NEAR WHERE SOME FRUITCAKE WENT *POSTAL*... OKAY. SEND HIM TO IDAHO.

FINE MEN'S CLOTHING

EAT MY ASS, HOMELANDER! YOU *PRICK!* YOU BLOND MOTHERFUCKER, *YOU CAN EAT OUT MY DIRTY ASS!*

"JUST DON'T SHOW HIM DOIN' WHAT HE DID WHEN HE WAS *THERE.*"

PROFESSOR BANZAI, *NO!* DON'T LET IT END LIKE THIS!

SELF DESTRUCT! I WIN AFTER ALL, OLD FOE! *I WIN!*

FUCKING SLOPE...

"WHAT WORKS FOR HIM WORKS JUST AS WELL FOR THE REST OF 'EM.

"THE COMICS TAKE OFF. *THEY* TAKE OFF. THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

"NEXT UP FOR VOUGHT IS THE *HOLY GRAIL: DEFENSE CONTRACTS.* AN' IT'S STARTIN' TO LOOK LIKE *NOTHIN'* CAN STOP 'EM."

WELL, *THAT* WAS SIXTY MINUTES OF PURE JOY...

STAND CLEAR DOOR CLOSING

I NOTICED HOW WHINING ABOUT IT THE WHOLE TIME REALLY HELPED TO SPEED THINGS UP.

FUCK YOU...!

YOU TRYING TO TELL ME YOU ENJOYED THAT ANY MORE THAN I DID? CLEANING UP SOME RETARDED ZOMBIE'S SHIT?

CAN WE JUST GET OUT OF HERE?

JESUS, YOU REALLY DO THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING SPECIAL--!

YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR ME, IS THAT IT, STARLIGHT? TOO GOOD TO TALK TO ME, EVEN?

YEAH, YOU KNOW, I CAN SEE HOW YOU WOULD THINK THAT. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN DOWN ON HER KNEES WITH THREE OF THE TEAM'S *DICKS* IN HER MOUTH...

I'M NOT DENYING IT.

I DON'T THINK I'M BETTER THAN YOU, A-TRAIN. BUT YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ANYTHING BUT COMPLETELY HORRIBLE TO ME, SO YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T SPEND ANY MORE TIME AROUND YOU THAN I HAVE TO.

CRY ME A FUCKING RIVER. I TOOK MY SHARE OF SHIT WHEN I FIRST GOT HERE, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD BE ANY DIFFERENT.

LOOK, IF THIS IS ABOUT THE NEEDLEDICK THING--

YOU KNOW THE REAL REASON YOU'RE IN THE SEVEN, DON'T YOU?

FOR FUN. WE WANTED TO AMUSE OURSELVES.

SO WE TOOK A LOOK AT ALL THE ***WANNABE TEAMS,*** AND WE SAID-- WHO'S THE MOST GOODY-TWO-SHOES, VIRGIN, STUCK-UP LITTLE TWAT WHO'D DO ANYTHING TO GET AHEAD? WHO'D LOOK BEST WITH A LOAD OF CUM ALL OVER HER STUPID WHORE FACE?

AND LO AND BE-FUCKING-HOLD...!

WELL, I'M GLAD IT WORKED OUT FOR YOU. BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY WAY SOMEONE LIKE YOU COULD EVER GET HIS HANDS ON SOMEONE LIKE ME.

...YOU THINK SO?

THE *OPPOSITION* GO BACK TO DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST.

THEY SPEND...AN' THEY SPEND...AN' THEY *SPEND.*

A DOZEN CORPORATIONS: WHEN IT COMES TO ***BUDGET,*** THE SKY'S THE GODDAMN ***LIMIT.***

THEY'RE ALREADY UP BOTH PARTIES' ASSES, BUT NOW THEY START TO ***FUCK.*** THEY CONTRIBUTE TO EVERY CAMPAIGN ***THEY CAN,*** LEGALLY OR OTHERWISE, AN' BY SEVENTY-NINE--I SHIT YOU ***NOT***--THEY OWN ***TWO THIRDS OF CONGRESS.***

EVERY PRESIDENT AN' V.P. FROM ***FORD*** TO ***CLINTON*** HAS BEEN ON THE TEAM TO ONE DEGREE OR OTHER...

AN' ALL FOR ONE GOAL: ***STOP VOUGHT-AMERICAN.***

IT'S THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX VERSUS THE VERY GODDAMN ***NOTION*** OF SUPERHUMAN DEFENSE. AN' THESE MOTHERFUCKERS ***AIN'T PLAYIN' GAMES.***

"HELL, THEY KNOW WHAT'S AT ***STAKE.*** THEY LOSE A ***SINGLE CONTRACT*** TO VOUGHT, THE WORLD GETS TO SEE HOW AN ***ANTI-MISSILE SYSTEM*** STACKS UP AGAINST ***HEAT VISION***-- AN' THAT ONE DON'T PAN OUT THE WAY YOU ***HOPE*** IT WILL, THERE'S ONLY ONE OUTFIT IN TOWN CAN SUPPLY THE PRODUCT. ***AN' YOU AIN'T THEM.***

"EVERY ***YAHOO*** FROM SINGAPORE TO SAUDI'S GONNA WANT HIS OWN TEAM OF SUPES: GUESS WHAT ***THAT'S*** GONNA DO TO YOUR ***PROFITS FOR THE QUARTER...?"***

BUT... VIC THE VEEP...

YEAH.

AT FIRST VOUGHT ***FLOUNDER.*** NOT ONE OF THE SERVICES IS ALLOWED TO ***TOUCH 'EM.***

THE OBVIOUS THING TO DO IS PLAY POLITICS TOO, BUT SUPE MONEY OR NOT, THEY'RE ***JUST ONE CORPORATION.*** NO WAY, ***JOSE.***

AROUND EIGHTY-ONE, SOMEONE HAS A BRAINWAVE THAT GOES NOWHERE--BUT I ALWAYS GOT A ***KICK*** OUTTA. THEY PUT A ***POLL*** IN THE FIELD TO SEE HOW FOLKS'D FEEL ABOUT VOTIN' FOR THE ***HOMELANDER.***

LESS THAN ***FIVE PERCENT*** SAY THEY'D GO FOR IT. EVERYONE LOVES SUPES, BUT THAT MUCH POWER ***IN POWER*** IS A NO-NO.

ONE BROAD THEY ASK SAYS IT'D BE ***SCARY.*** SAYS-- IT'D BE LIKE VOTIN' FOR ***JESUS,*** OR SOMETHIN'...

SO VOUGHT DECIDE ON THE ***LONG GAME.*** THEY LET THEIR SUPES BE SUPES, THEY MAKE MONEY OFF 'EM AS CELEBRITIES AN'...WHAT HAVE YOU.

THEY TAKE THAT MONEY AN' THEY ***INVEST IT WISELY.*** BUY INFLUENCE. BUY ***PEOPLE*** THAT MIGHT JUST BE ***BIG*** ONE DAY. YEAR BY YEAR, INCH BY INCH, THEY GET CLOSER TO WHERE THEY WANNA BE...

"AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN IT'S THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND, AN' THE OPPOSITION HAVE FOUND THE ***PERFECT CANDIDATE*** FOR ***NOVEMBER...***

"***DAKOTA BOB SHAEFER:*** OLD SCHOOL REPUBLICAN, HALIBURTON MAN, AN' HARD AN' COLD AS THE ***BADLANDS THEMSELVES.***"

"BUT ***VOUGHT*** HAVE THE PERFECT MAN TOO. THEY'VE FINALLY GOT ALL THEIR DUCKS IN A ROW. EVERY FAVOR THEY CAN CALL IN, ALL THE PRESSURE THEY CAN BRING TO BEAR--***TWENTY YEARS' WORTH***--AN' IT'S ENOUGH.

"EX-C.E.O. ***VICTOR K. NEUMAN*** JOINS BOB ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

"***NEOCON.*** FAMILY'S BEEN WITH THE COMPANY SINCE THE DAYS OF ***V.A.C.***. MIND LIKE AN ***EMPTY BUCKET,*** JUST WAITIN' TO BE FILLED--AN' YOU CAN BET ***IT WILL BE...***"

THEY ***WANTED*** AN IDIOT...?

POINT AIN'T SMARTS, KID, IT'S ***OBEDIENCE.*** FIRST PLACE THEY LOOKED WAS THE BUSH FAMILY, BUT THEIR LATEST ***FORTUNATE SON*** HAD JUST MANAGED TO ***TAKE HIS OWN HEAD OFF WITH A CHAINSAW.***

ANYHOW: VOUGHT'VE ***FINALLY DONE IT.*** GOT ONE OF THEIR OWN ON THE ***INSIDE.*** A ***PRO-SUPE CANDIDATE*** IN A ***GODDAMN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION...***

"AN' THE REST IS ***HISTORY.***"

I'VE NO IDEA WHEN OR HOW I DID THIS.

SOMEONE STANDING IN THE WRONG PLACE WHEN LARGE OBJECTS WERE BEING FLUNG THROUGH THE AIR, PERHAPS. I DON'T PARTICULARLY CARE.

BUT IT'S QUITE INCREDIBLE THAT YOU SHOULD TAKE A SIMPLE GRUDGE AS FAR AS YOU HAVE. SO MUCH...UPHEAVAL. SO MUCH BLOOD YET TO BE SHED.

THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS IT'S NOT ALL THAT REMARKABLE, NOW THAT I STOP AND THINK ABOUT IT. SUCH INCREDIBLE *IRE* OVER SO LITTLE.

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT REALLY A MAN FOR GRAND CAUSES, ARE YOU?

NO, I THINK WE CAN BOTH AGREE YOU'RE MADE OF BASER STUFF...

KNOW WHAT?

WHILE YOU'VE BEEN LISTENIN' TO ME HEARTBEAT AN' SNIFFIN' ME SWEAT AN' WATCHIN' EVERY ONE A' ME RESPONSES, BANGIN' ON AN' FUCKIN' ON LIKE THE CLEVER BASTARD YOU THINK YOU ARE--

YOU KNOW WHAT OL' TERROR'S BEEN DOIN' WHILE YOU'VE BEEN WANKIN' OFF TO THE SOUNDA YOUR OWN VOICE?

WHAT? FUCK!!

JESUS CHRIST--!

GOOD LAD.

YOU HARM ONE HAIR ON HIS HEAD AN' IT STARTS NOW.

RIGHT THIS SECOND. NO FUCKIN' ABOUT. NOW.

OVER A DOG...?

OVER MY DOG.

HOT OR COLD?

FUCKING LITTLE--

AH-AH.

...YOU'RE INSANE.

IF THIS IS HOW YOU WANT IT, THAT'S OKAY BY US. AS OF THIS MOMENT YOU CAN START DOING YOUR WORST.

BUT I *CAN* HEAR YOUR HEARTBEAT. I *CAN* SMELL YOUR SWEAT. AND I CAN TELL YOU HERE AND NOW, YOU TRULY ARE OUT OF YOUR--

FUCK OFF, CUNT.

ALL RIGHT, TERROR?

OFF WE GO.

NOTHIN' MUCH *HAPPENS* FOR THE FIRST EIGHT MONTHS OF THE SHAEFER-NEUMAN ADMINISTRATION.

THEN COMES SEPTEMBER.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENS IN *SEPTEMBER,* KID...?

WHO CAN'T?

GO AHEAD.

THEY CRASH A 'PLANE INTO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. KILL ABOUT A THOUSAND PEOPLE.

NEXT THING YOU KNOW WE'VE INVADED PAKISTAN.

WHO CRASHES IT...?

TERRORISTS, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

THE *TERRORISTS* DON'T CRASH SHIT INTO SHIT.

THEY BOARD THE FLIGHT AT BOSTON LOGAN. SEIZE CONTROL RIGHT AFTER *TAKE-OFF.*

PLAN IS TO FLY THE THING INTO THE SOUTH TOWER OF THE *WORLD TRADE CENTER;* THEY DON'T GIVE A *FUCK* ABOUT THE *BROOKLYN BRIDGE...*

THERE'S *OTHERS,* HEADED FOR THE SECOND TOWER AN' THE PENTAGON, BUT DAKOTA BOB'S BEEN GETTIN' WARNIN'S FROM THE C.I.A. ALL *SUMMER.* HE ORDERS 'EM SHOT DOWN AN' THE AIR FORCE *DOES ITS THING.*

THEN THE FIGHTERS ARE TOLD TO *BACK OFF.* NO GODDAMN REASON *GIVEN.*

"THE *LAST PLANE'S* OVER PROVIDENCE WHEN IT'S *INTERCEPTED...*"

"AN' *THAT'S* WHEN THE FUCKIN' TROUBLE *BEGINS.*"

next: THE DAY MY HEART BROKE